

# WESTERN SENTINEL.

GEO. M. MATHES, Proprietor.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

\$1.50 per Year in Advance

VOL. XXV.

WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881.

No. 28

## The Winston Sentinel.

GEO. M. MATHES, Editor.

**TERMS:**  
CASH IN ADVANCE!  
One copy, one year, \$1.50  
" " six months, .75  
" " three months, .50

**SENTINEL JOB OFFICE,**  
WINSTON, N. C.  
Most Complete in Western N. C.  
We call and examine samples,  
and do all the printing.

## Dr. Preston Roan,

—OFFERS HIS—

## PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

To the citizens of Winston and surrounding country.

Office at his residence. Any message left at either Drug Store will receive prompt attention.

## HELP

When a golden chance is offered, make money that is offered, generally because wealthy, while those who do not improve each chance remain in poverty. We want many men, women boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or all that is needed sent free. Address STANSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

**I. W. DURHAM,**  
—PRACTICAL—  
**MARBLE WORKER**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Monuments and Tombstones,  
WINSTON, N. C.  
Write for Price List and  
Designs. May 9, 1878.

## \$10

Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that is offered. The business is as easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TAYLOR & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## W. T. VOGEL,

## PRACTICAL JEWELER

Winston, N. C.,  
Main Street, opposite Merchants' Hotel,  
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND  
A select assortment of  
Fine and Plated Jewelry,  
of every kind.

Repairing done and Work warranted.  
January 23, 1879. 6-11

T. H. AVERETT. J. H. WILSON

## AVERETT & WILSON,

## Booksellers, Stationers,

AND  
PRINTERS!

DEALERS IN  
PIANOS AND ORGANS,  
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.  
vol 250c 12-6m

Robert D. Johnston,

FASHIONABLE

## MERCHANT TAILOR,

WINSTON, N. C.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LINE  
of fine imported

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vesting and Suits.

A long practical experience in the art of CUTTING, in New York and in this State, justifies the assertion that I can give a perfect fit, and I guarantee that all goods made up in my establishment give satisfaction.

All work done on reasonable terms.  
My establishment is next door to Ray House  
17-18

H. S. FOY, J. W. FOY,

## NEW LIVERY STABLE,

Winston, N. C.,  
H. S. FOY & Bro. Proprietors.

WE TAKE pleasure in informing our  
friends and the public that we are prepared  
to accommodate them with conveyances of all  
styles, at the shortest notice. We keep very fine  
stock of horses, and handsome vehicles. Charges  
will always be moderate.  
We have ample room and accommodation for  
droves, as good as can be found elsewhere in the  
city.  
April 10th, 1879. 18-17

## BUILDING ON THE SAND.

"It will be well to wed,  
For so the world hath done;  
Once myrtle grew and rose blew,  
And morning brought the sun;  
But have a care, ye young and fair,  
Be sure you pledge in truth;  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth;  
For if ye give not heart for heart,  
As well to hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played the unwise part  
And 'built upon the sand'."

"The well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
And hold enough of shining stuff,  
For charity is cold.  
But place not all your hopes and trust  
In what the deep mine brings;  
We cannot live on yellow dust  
Unmild with purest things.  
And he who piles up wealth alone  
Will often have to stand  
Beside the coffin chest and own  
He 'built upon the sand.'"

"The good to speak in friendly guise,  
And smooth the ruffled brow;  
Fair speech should bind the human mind  
As love link man to man.  
But stop not at the gentle words,  
Let deeds with language dwell;  
The use who pities starving birds  
Should scatter crumbs as well.  
The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand;  
For those that talk, yet fail to do,  
But 'build upon the sand.'"

## MADELINE.

All the girls who were leaving school carried with them anticipations of a gay winter, a round of parties, balls and operas. Not so with Madeline Delaney. The dying will of her father made her aunt's house her home for years between 18 and 21, and if Madeline had been unwilling to comply she would still have gone, so great was her respect for her father's memory.

Mrs. Chathard was an invalid, and her family consisted only of her son—a man of thirty and said to be eccentric—and the old family servants. Decidedly not a very brilliant prospect for Madeline.

It was a sullen autumn day when Madeline rode for the first time, up the avenue leading to her aunt's house. She saw a gray sky, flying clouds and a white bench, on which the sea beat heavily in, and standing in the midst of a cluster of pines was a low, massive building, that might have been a prison, and possibly was a house. No one came to the door to welcome her. Mrs. Chathard was in the library, and begged that Madeline would come to her there. She found her lying on the sofa, busy with some sort of knitting—a sallow, delicate, fretful woman.

"No," she said, shrinking back as Madeline showed a disposition to kiss her; "no one but Frederic has kissed me for years. Don't commence. I am a creature of habit; I don't like to be disturbed in any of my regular habits. I only came down to-day on your account, and it has quite unnerved me. I shall not try it again. I must have perfect repose. Frederic comes to see me morning and evening; that is as much as I can bear."

With that Madeline was waved off to her room, where indignation supplanted a strong desire to cry, and curiosity gradually got the better of both. It was really, she decided, on looking about her, a pleasant room, with crimson curtains and furniture and a deep window looking out on the sea. There was a bureau, with a great many little drawers, and she pleased herself with arranging them methodically. There was a vase of flowers that spoke of a conservatory; she had seen that the library was well filled; a pretty piano occupied a recess in her room.

"I shall pass my time very tolerably," thought Madeline, resignedly. "I wonder what my cousin is like."

Perhaps this last thought had some influence in her toilet, else why should she have braided her hair and put on her most becoming dress? It was hardly to be supposed that her charms would have much effect on the quiet parlor maid who alone was in attendance.

Madeline ate her supper with curling lip and stormy brow. "He is a barbarian. I know I shall hate him!" was her inward comment. "He must have known I would be here. He might have been civil. However, I shall do very well without him."

And getting a book from the library shelves she sat herself down resolutely to read. But, try as she would, her thoughts wandered back to the pleasant room where she used to sit with her friends reading and talking, so different from this great, silent, handsome house. I am afraid the contrast was not too favorable, for her pillow was wet with tears that night.

A week passed away. During that

time Madeline saw Mrs. Chathard once—that was all. The rest of the time she passed in solitude, till Saturday evening, when the prime old housekeeper entered the parlor where Madeline was sitting, work-basket in hand.

"Mr. Frederic is at home," said she, "and Mrs. Chathard thinks it proper that I should sit in the room, with which explanation she walked over to the extreme end of the apartment and vanished behind the curtains of the bay window."

Madeline curled her lips slightly at these prudential preparations, and went on with her reading, trying to convince herself that her heart was not beating fast. She heard quick, masculine step with-out in the hall, heard it come in the room and advance towards her, but did not raise her eyes till he stood directly before her. She had hard work to repress her surprise. He was so little like what she had imagined. Not old—for if he was really thirty, he by no means looked his age—not tall, thin and sallow; on the contrary, small, though well-formed, with an abundance of hair; large blue eyes that should have belonged to a woman, so evenly arched were the brows, so long were the lashes, so soft, so almost suffering, their expression; clear cut features; teeth that showed white and even through his thick mustache; a gentle, quiet, assured manner; neither austere nor frownyish, as Madeline had imagined, but that of a gentleman and a man of the world.

He apologized easily enough for the apparent incivility—"Important business," that much-endured scape-goat, had detained him—he was extremely sorry.

But Madeline, who had no patience with his lame excuse, interrupted him sharply.

"Pray, spare your regrets; it is quite evident that your sorrow is of the deepest dye. Your countenance speaks it."

Mr. Frederic opened his eyes wide and sat down. Hitherto he seemed undecided on the question.

"So then, you are really offended, and show it after a spirited fashion. Good. I shall have to make my peace. It will give us something to talk about."

"Is there really any necessity for talking at all?" demanded Madeline, still indignantly.

A few minutes ago I thought not. I intended to have gone through the necessary formalities, and after that to have sat occasionally with you, by way of keeping you in countenance, but now I say yes! There is something original about you; it may be only a spark, a glimmer, whatever it is, I will develop it."

"You leave my individuality out of account, I think."

"Not in the least. I count on it for my amusement."

"Amusement! We share the same blood, Mr. Chathard. I think you should know something of the will, which is among our heirlooms. I doubt if I shall choose to serve even a Chathard as amusement."

"You will have no choice. You will go to church with me to-morrow. You will see and be seen of all the magnates. They will forthwith call upon you; you will go to make a round of dreary visits; you will go to solemn tea drinkings; you will talk to Captain Fawcett and Sir Peter Farquhar, the two eligibles of the parish, and when you have talked over the weather you will begin to fidget and wish yourself home with me. Even a bear like me will prove more endurable than those unmitigated young men. You will talk with me, and in the nature of things, you will amuse me. You cannot help yourself."

"I have other resources, answered Madeline loftily. 'I have arranged a dramatic course of study.'"

Mr. Chathard laughed.

"Try it, my dear cousin, by all means. It is the most enchanting thing in the world—in prospect. Try it, I say again, and remember, I shall be very happy to aid you if any difficulty occurs—which, though it is to be presumed, is not possible."

With which he took himself off, leaving Madeline, piqued and curious. She had ample time, however, to recover herself and proceed with her studies. It was three mortal weeks before he presented himself again. When he did come it was in a ghostly fashion. She was bending over a book and looking strangely disatisfied. He took a chair near her.

"Talk," he said imperatively. "I am bored."

Madeline's hot blood leaped up in revolt. Words hovered on her lips that, cool as he was, could not but have placed an effectual barrier between them. Something arrested them. A pained look was in his eye, anguish about his mouth, showing dimly through the mask of cynicism. A new impulse possessed her.

"Cousin," she said, gently enough, "why should we be at war? We are of the same blood, and I think we are alike in one thing alone. Why good each other with bitter words? Would it not be better to help each other? I don't ask you to be a saint, but if there could be a liking and a friendship between us let it develop itself. Let us not hinder it. I am so lonely; and I think, if you would let me, that I should like you."

"I swore once," he said, "never to trust mankind, still less woman-kind, again."

"Unsoy the rash oath," she said, eagerly. "It shams you from all happiness and goodness."

"How dare you ask me? In whom shall I trust?"

"In me."

"A girl—a child, that doesn't know even the meaning of things about her, much less her own heart."

"I know one thing—the truth that I feel within me. That never dies and never fails. Only try me, cousin. I long to do you good."

"I believe you do," he said, much softened. "I believe, with all of my innocent fervor, you do wish it. I will trust till I see that you, too, are going to deceive me. Will you take the responsibility?"

Madeline held out her hand, and so there was a truce between them. Every night they studied and talked under the supervision of the prim housekeeper, and at last he fell into a way of taking a morning walk with her in the garden and riding with her to several parties and always to church, and the neighborhood held up its hands in astonishment.

Months passed away. Very peaceful, happy ones they were. But one evening he failed to make his appearance. All the next day Madeline watched for him, but in vain.

"He had gone away," she thought with a keen pang, "and did not tell me."

One week passed—two—three. Suspense grew unendurable. She ventured an inquiry of the prim housekeeper.

"Mr. Frederic is not far away—he's ill."

"Ill! Why was I not told. I will go and see him at once!"

"He has the typhus fever, Miss; and Mrs. Chathard ordered that you should on no account be admitted, fear of the infection."

Madeline left the housekeeper without another word, and went straight to Frederic's room. She was not very sure of its locality; for it was in the other wing of the house, a place where she had never ventured. She was, however, exceedingly doubtful of the propriety of going in at all; but if he should die without her, would propriety console her? She went in trembling. He was alone and awake. He turned towards her, hollow, reproachful eyes.

"Are you better? was the first question."

"Yes; but why have you left me alone so long? I thought that you cared for me."

"I do, I do. I never knew. I waited and wondered, and grew sick at heart. No one told me, and to-day I asked. I was too proud to do it before. I thought you had gone away, after the old fashion, without telling me. Then they said I mustn't come to you for fear of the infection."

"There is danger! Go away at once!"

"I will not. Why should I not share danger with you? All the orders in the world shan't drive me from you!"

He turned towards her with sudden animation, seizing her hand, looked earnestly into her face, and said: "My little darling, I really believe that you love me as I do you!"

And from that moment he mended, spite of doctor's physic, and the sombre old house is gay enough under the blithe supervision of the young mistress, Mrs. Frederic Chathard, or Madeline.

## Trot 'em Forward.

"What I want to see, said a Denver man as he alighted from the train at Manhattan Beach, 'what I want to see is some of your boasted civilization. I ain't much on the swell myself, but I want to see some top-shelf society. That's what I want. Now just parade your Astors and your Vanderbilts and your Jay Goulds and your Knickerbockers and the other ancients right before my presence. Don't be any way skeered of me. These clothes only cost \$15 and I'm no way stuck up. I want to see some real life. I want a thick slice of high life. I come a long piece to see the fashionables, and if they're in condition just pull off the blankets and trot 'em forward.'"

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the manager courteously, noticing the crowd gathering.

"Right you can, stranger. I come mor'n a bushel of miles to see this climate, and I want the attractions spread so I can examine the layout. I can throw some money myself, but what I want to see is style. Tell 'em not to hide on my account. Just walk some of the dignitaries up and down before me a couple of times. I want to see their points. Fetch me out a couple of well matched high steppers and give 'em their heads."

"All the people you see around you, sir, are first-class people. They move in our highest circles and belong to the aristocracy," explained the manager.

"Are you giving it to me straight, partner? All these fellows way-up? Who's the philosopher with his breeches tucked in his socks?"

"That's a Yale young gentleman, come on a vacation."

"I don't want that kind. Show me a high daddy, one of 'em that gets their name in the paper for going to whooping weddings, and is called the 'light.' Pick me out some Astors. That's the trot I'm throwing for."

"I don't think any of Mr. Astor's family are here to-day. That stout gentleman with side whiskers belongs to one of the first families in New York. He is a very popular young man and leads in the German."

"Ain't big enough. Haven't you got a couple of head of Vanderbilts or a Jay Gould or so anywhere? You see, stranger, I've read about these fellows and I'd like to greet 'em with cordiality."

"What I want is to wobble in with the satin lined. That Yale man and the boss leg slinger in the Dutch fandango ain't new. We see them home when they string for tourists. I'm on to them, but what I want is the balloons, the scorpions. Throw your pickaxe and see if the wash don't pan better dirt. Strikes me your rock don't assay pretty well this evening."

"Where's the mob?"

"These are the best people I know of to-day," said the manager in despair. "Mr. Vanderbilt is not here, nor is Mr. Gould."

"Ain't you got any Knickerbockers on draught? Don't you keep the best in stock? You'd make out to starve in Denver if you wasn't interfered with, partner. When a man throws himself for a hotelier in those parts he keeps the hightoned population right out in front and shared up behind. You don't seem to have much experience in running a bam-lamode ranche. Just begun, haven't you? If I was in your place I'd have them Goulds and Knickerbockers and Vanderbilts and Astors ranged right along the front edge of the back street, spitting at a chip for drinks and the first one that broke gravel would pay his bar bill or go home bare-headed; now, you hear me. What you want, stranger is enterprise. All you've got is a shed and water, and if your liquor ain't any better'n your judgment I'm going back dry."

"You will find everything first-class here, I think," urged the manager. "We aim—"

"Just so, chief, but you don't hit. You aim too low. You've got room here to hold the biggest bug that ever straddled a blind, but there isn't a card out higher'n an eight spot. I reckon you play pool without the fifteen."

"Would you like to try some-

thing?" asked the man, anxious to dispel the grinning crowd.

"You might fetch me one, and these gentlemen a little tan bark, it is good. I don't want any stock which the shareholders are responsible for the debts, but if you've got some liquid sympathy in Q major I'll wrap up a cart-ridge with you, stranger."

"Join me in the bar-room," said the manager nervously.

"Good take off for a junction. Gentlemen, me and the engineer are going for the doxology. Who will join us?"

They "joined," and the stranger ordered refreshments and left, despite the entreaties of the gentleman from Denver, that he would introduce him to the ladies, such as they were, and he would forego the top-lifters until he (the manager) had run along the vein to the prospect of paying clean up."

## A Dollar a Word.

The London correspondent of the New York World, Mr. Jennings, comments upon the introduction of the American editorial paragraph into the London press, which it promises in time to drive the elaborate "leading article" of the past. In this connection it is interesting to find the London Telegraph quoting as the shortest leading notice ever published, and the most remunerative to the writer, an editorial written for a New York paper a quarter of a century ago by the late William North. Mr. North was asked to supply the journal in question with an "editorial" calculated to indict the maximum amount of damage upon the temperance agitation. "About what length do you wish the article to be?" inquired Mr. North. "The shorter the better so it is to the point. Here is \$20; quality, not quantity, is what I want and what you can give me." North sat down and wrote the following: "We had rather see the whole world get drunk of its own free will than one man kept sober by compulsion."

This duly appeared next day as first editorial in the paper, its author being paid for it at the rate of a dollar a word. It is just now quoted with much emphasis by the Liberal and progressive organs of public opinion in Germany, apropos of the bill for the repression of inebriety about to be laid before the reichstag by Prince Bismarck.

## Quiet Appreciation.

A quiet man was traveling a short time ago by rail, and was annoyed by the noise which two or three men in the same car were making. One of them had been telling tremendous stories about himself in a loud voice, and tried once or twice to draw out the quiet man, but in vain. At last he turned to him and said, rather offensively: "I fear, sir, that our noise has rather inconvenienced you." "Not in the least," was the reply. "I thought," remarked the noisy man, "that you did not seem interested by my stories." "Quite the reverse, my dear sir," said the quiet man. "I am very much so; in fact, 'I am a bit of a liar myself.'"

"When we are old, Claude, we shall still be lovers," she said, gazing into his eyes with the rapture of a gifted woman who writes poetry for the Boston papers. "The warm hues of our youthful affection shall never fade, but only grow brighter as we draw nearer to the sunset. We shall still sit in the hush of the summer eves and feed ourselves on the poetry of the stars, shall we not?"

"Well, hardly," answered Claude, "unless you want me to remain up till day-break, basting your old back with arnica."

Then she bit off a fresh chunk of chewing gum and the only sound that broke the silence was the crunching of her gold-plugged molars.

"Miss, will you take my sister arm?" "Yes, sir," and you too," replied the bachelor. "Then," replied she, "I shan't take it, as my motto is, go the whole hog or nothing."

A schoolboy being asked by a rival on the street which was the highest study in his school, replied with a stare of pity and surprise, "Why astronomy, of course."

## A Truthful Man.

A flat-footed, old fashioned Western merchant, hailing from a country store in Michigan, was buying stock in New York, and the firm took advantage of the occasion to make inquiries concerning some of their customers around him. When they asked about Smith, of Cashville, he replied: "Smith! Yes, he's in trade yet, but he's just married a second wife, and she's going through his wealth like saltpetre. He'll fail in less'n six months."

"How about Jones, of your town?"

"Jones! Well, Jones is pegging along after the old style; and he's bought him a bicycle, and everybody says he'll go to the wall in a year."

"And Brown & Son—are they all right?"

"Brown & Son! Wall, they may keep along till spring, but I doubt it. Old Brown has got so high-sighted that he can't tell a sheep pelt from a con skin, and the boy is dead stuck on a widow who never wears anything less than six dollar stockings."

But Davis is doing a good trade, isn't he?"

"Davis! Wall, pooley fair, but he won't last. He's rented the upper part of his store to a Chicago milliner, and she broke up two families and eaned a preacher. Everybody blames Davis, and his sales last week only footed up a pound of saleratus and a wash-board."

"Well, you are the only customer on there, and, of course, you are all right."

"Me! Wall, I'm all right, just now, but things may change. My wife belongs to three literary societies and is the big toad at church festivals, while I've bought a 240 trotter and learned to play old sledge. You needn't be surprised any day to hear that I've been busted from garret to cellar; so clean that creditors can't find enough dry goods to wipe a baby's nose on."

## The Longest Rivers in the World.

The following are the longest rivers with their extent: The Amazon, in South America, falls from the Andes through a course of 2,600 miles; the Mississippi, from the Stony Mountain runs 2,690 miles; La Plata, from the Andes, 2,215 miles; the Hoangho, in China, from the Tartarian chain of mountains, is 2,260 miles; the Yangtze-Kiang runs from the same mountains, and is 4,060 miles long; the Nile from the Great Kunri Mountains, courses 2,690 miles; the Euphrates, from Ararat, is 2,090 miles long; the Volga, from the Valdais, is 2,100 miles; the Danube from the Alps, is 1,790 miles in length; the Indus from the Himalayas, 1,770 miles; the Ganges run from the same source, and is 1,850 miles long; the Orinoco, from the Andes, 1,500 miles in length; the Niger, or Wharra, is 1,900 miles long; the Don, Dnieper and the Senegal are each over 1,000 miles in length; the Rhine and the Gambia are each 388 miles in extent.

The Congo river. Its principal source is in Lake Bangweulu, nearly in the latitude of Zanzibar. It flows north and northwest in Central Africa, 500 or 600 miles north of the equator, and southwest into the Atlantic ocean a distance of almost 3,000 miles.

The Ward mine, owned by Mr. Fred Stitt, which, although regarded as a fine gold mine, has never been considered valuable for other minerals, has turned out to be the "big bonanza" of this section, it having been lately discovered that the rock which had been extracted in gold mining and which was valuable for that purpose is filled with silver. The value of the mine, says an omnibent mining man, is simply incalculable. This has only been discovered within the last few weeks.

CHAMPION BEER DRINKERS.—Most people have always regarded the Germans as the champion beer drinkers, but now comes the Journal of Applied Science to prove that this supposition is false. While the annual consumption of beer in Germany is twenty-two gallons for every person, it is thirty-three gallons in Belgium and thirty-four in Great Britain. One by one our fond delusions fade away.